

**The Evening World.**

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**NOT EVEN ONE!**

**M**R. TAFT'S League to Enforce Peace is calling for half a million dollars to speed up an aggressive campaign for the League of Nations.

If the League of Nations, for which the whole world is longing, is to become a fact, every one who believes in it must get squarely behind Mr. Taft and the League to Enforce Peace in their great national campaign to arouse the country in support of President Wilson and the Paris covenant.

If that is done, when the President returns with the treaty providing for the League of Nations as finally revised and constituted, there will be good ground to hope that the Senate will ratify it.

But every moment it must be borne in mind that one vote more than one-third of the Senate can keep this country from joining the League. Every State therefore must be enlightening.

The enlightening is to be accomplished by distributing millions of copies of the speeches of President Wilson and ex-President Taft and by sending thousands of speakers to reach people in every corner of the United States.

This is the right spirit and the right example.

Quiescent approval of the proposed covenant is not enough. Organizers are already at work forming a league to fight The League. There must be something stronger than defense. There must be an active forward movement among supporters of the covenant. They must organize and march ahead in cohorts that increase in size until they are overwhelming.

Whether behind Mr. Taft or in other formations advancing with Mr. Taft, the people of the United States ought to be seen everywhere ranging themselves enthusiastically and in the open on the side of this best attainable safeguard of world peace.

Senators must draw no false conclusions from popular silence. An aggressive opposition must have no chance to point to diffidence and claim it as indifference.

If the League of Nations is worth anything it is worth every pound of push the country can put behind it.

There ought to be as many people to speak for it as for a Liberty Loan. It ought to be cheered on street corners and acclaimed at vast public meetings.

Americans should declare for it, organize for it, work for it until, out of ninety-six United States Senators, not even one would dare to vote against it.

Gen. O'Ryan may have been strictly correct in ordering officers of the 27th seen in a theatre audience to take off their Sam Browne belts. But was it the best time and place for reprimand? New York, at this of all moments, is not likely to see it that way.

**OVERCROWDING THE LEVIATHAN.**

**T**HE plan to crowd aboard the troopship Leviathan on her next trip from Brest 13,300 enlisted men and non-commissioned officers—2,500 more than her hitherto estimated west-bound troop capacity—reveals a singular lack of agreement between the Navy Department and the War Department as to what constitute safe and sanitary conditions on a transport.

Following a strong protest against the reported scheme to pack more thousands of returning troops aboard the Leviathan—the reasons for which protest have been clearly set forth by The Evening World's staff correspondent, Martin Green, who came over on the vessel on her last trip and had full opportunity to observe conditions on board—Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Chief of Embarkation, made the following positive statement last Tuesday:

"The Leviathan's permanent bunk capacity is 10,500 men. There is no thought of increasing it. No reason exists for largely increasing the carrying capacity of this vessel. The permanent bunk capacity of the Leviathan will remain as it is at present."

Notwithstanding this statement by the chief of the troop transport service, the Navy authorities in charge of the operation of transports have gone ahead and filled up with bunks—five tiers high in some places—large portions of the Leviathan's scant remaining deck and promenade space. With commissioned officers and crew the vessel is expected to carry 15,700 when she next sails from Brest.

Badly as the men want to get home and eager as those at home are to see them, they need air, exercise, protection against possible epidemics and provision for their safety in case of fire or accident during the voyage.

If the War Department and the Navy Department are not in accord as to how many the Leviathan can safely carry, surely it is the men who should have the benefit of the doubt.

**Letters From the People**

**Wishes Silver Stripes for Provisional Regiment.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
We see in the streets of New York enlisted men wearing all sorts of stripes and emblems, but there is one enlisted man who is not allowed to wear a stripe. He is the enlisted man of the First Provisional Regiment, whose 1,800 were guarding New York City's water supply, the aqueduct. We did guard duty at 20 below zero, doing four on and eight off. A pass was a thing unknown to most of us. You got one pass in three months and that was for twenty-four hours.

We men who helped guard New York City's water supply are not looking for a lot of credit, just that little bit of recognition—a silver stripe. We may not have stood gas, shell and machine gun fire as the boys in France did, but we suffered in many ways just as bad as the fellows in the first line trenches. C. E. C.

**Answers to Readers' Questions.**

**Marie Brandt, No. 2012 Bleeker Street, Brooklyn.**—You may ascertain the particular chevron or insignia of the 6th Division by applying to the War Department, Washington, D. C.

**May Brown, No. 2854 Decatur Avenue, Brooklyn.**—The official designation for denoting "Died in Service," on a service star flag, is by placing a gold star in the red border.

**Constant Reader, No. 144 West 104th Street.**—Information as to your being entitled to the two months' pay due a discharged soldier may be obtained from the War Department, Washington, D. C.

**Our Painful Duty**

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By J. H. Cassel.



**How They Made Good**

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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**No. 7—C. F. DOUD, Who Gave Us "Standard Time."**  
It was an old Saratoga schoolmaster, C. F. Doud by name, and he had not been content to let the United States bump along on a set of time schedules which our present generation would consider idiotic. So Doud spent his years and his money and his brain and nerve in what looked like a useless effort to bring logical order out of the time jumble. He was almost alone in this tireless crusade.

The only other man who deserves any great credit in it was W. F. Allen of New York, who labored in person with dozens of stubborn railroad magnates to make them see the wonderful advantage of the new idea.

People laughed at Doud, or else yawned in his face or else turned a wholly deaf ear to his arguments. But for some reason Doud did not know how to drop an idea which he had proved to be a good one, and with bulldog persistence he fought on. That was why, at last, he won.

Not only of our generation can realize what the advantage of "standard time" meant to a confused nation nearly forty years ago. Here, in brief, was the condition: The United States had no less than fifty separate and distinct schedules. "In other words," writes a commentator, "fifty sets of clocks and watches throughout the country were correct, although all fifty kept fifty different kinds of time. There were 'solar' time, for example, and 'Louisville' time and 'Columbus' time." &c.

Doud and Allen wrought to cut down these fifty time schedules to four by dividing the United States into a quartet of time belts—Eastern, Central, Mountain and Western. Each of these four was to differ with its next neighbor by precisely one hour. Thus, noon in New York was to be 11 A. M. at Chicago, 10 at Denver and 9 at San Francisco. This simplified form of reckoning was to be known as "Standard Time."

No practical and easy does it all seem nowadays that it is hard to realize the fierce opposition which greeted the scheme from one end of the land to the other when, at last, the measure was adopted.

Hitherto the local railroads had dictated to every section of America such time as might chance to suit the convenience of that railroad. People had consented meekly to this in spite of the fearful confusion it was forever entailing.

But now that the silly muddle was to be cleared up there were thousands of people who clamored against it. Just as, in 1918, thousands of people complained bitterly of the splendid "daylight saving" plan. One worthy and conscientious objector from Charleston, S. C., for instance, wrote in 1914 the following solemn warning to his fellow-citizens:

"This fooling with the established reckoning of time will be punished by displeasure from On High. If Charleston adopts such a wicked custom let her look out for a proof of Divine Wrath!"

(The Charleston earthquake, a few years later, was regarded by many Charlestonians as fulfillment of this grim prophecy.)

But in spite of the wild flood of opposition Doud's plan went through. At midday of Nov. 18, 1883, when the signal from the Naval Observatory at Washington flashed forth "Noon!" Standard Time was officially born. The old confusion was forever at an end, and four time schedules formally replaced the fifty schedules which had been distracting the United States for so many years.

The old Saratoga school teacher had made good, and millions of people who never heard his name or Allen's have had cause to bless both of those names.

**The Jarr Family**

By Roy L. McCardell

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**Mrs. Jarr Knows What It Is to Warm a Serpent at Her Hearth.**

**W**ITH the Jarrs life was a visitation—one of those things which come to a family—another these days. Uncle Henry had been dead enough, but now they were expecting the Blodgers from Philadelphia.

Mr. Jarr came home early as he had been bidden, and the fragrance of broiled steak pervading the hallway on the third floor gave him satisfactory information that the company had arrived before him.

In these days of high prices, when broiled steak is sold by the carat, a broiled steak is rare—even when well done—in the average middle-class family.

"Mr. and Mrs. Blodger are here and we've steak for dinner!" said Mrs. Jarr, opening the door and the conversation. "I never saw anything so tough in my life!"

"The steak or the Blodgers?" asked Mr. Jarr, sniffing in the smoky fragrance in that truck in the wall that is called the "private hall" in urban flats.

"Well, Mr. Blodger and the steak, anyway!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "But the steak will be all right, for Gertrude has given it a good pounding, and this man Blodger would be all the better for the same thing. How could Mrs. Cackleberry have married such a man?"

"He must have asked her," suggested Mr. Jarr. Mrs. Jarr did not reply to this, but turned him to meet again with Mr. and Mrs. Blodger of Philadelphia, whom they had not seen since the war. Mr. Blodger being susceptible to cold feet, and having been in Mexico to avoid the draft.

Mrs. Blodger was a pallid, fat woman with a whining voice. Training up two dissatisfied daughters in the way they wouldn't go—the Miss Cackleberrys—and wedding a Philadelphia sport, had been too much for the mature bride. She had been a woman and a widow of spirit in her day, but her attitude at present was one of unconditional surrender.

She was sitting on the sofa glancing apprehensively at her new husband, Mr. Blodger, a heavily built young man with massive shoulders and hands like bunches of bananas and feet like hams. He arose from the piano stool to greet Mr. Jarr. He had scratched the forehead, or lower part of the piano, an upright one, shamefully with his great, heavy shoes, for, as he had explained, he was used to playing the piano.

Mr. Blodger of Philadelphia was what is known as a "good mixer." He wore fraternal society emblems all over him, on his scarf, on his watch

chain, on his sleeve links and in his lapels. "We are Brother Snakes," said Mr. Blodger. "Fraternal Snakes of the Husband's Protective Congerie. The Society of Sagacious and Splendid Snakes resume their activities now the war is over. They raise their vibrant heads and hiss to the Tyrant Wife. 'Don't Tread On Me!'"

Here Mr. Blodger gave Mr. Jarr "the cold" or grip, and in so doing had nearly bruised off Mr. Jarr's fingers by the steel rings he wore. "But first we must work for another objective in Personal Liberty for Men. We may yet save that married men's haven of refuge—the saloon," said Mr. Blodger. "Who shall deny us our right to die like a good fellow, with a hot-bath liver?"

Mr. Jarr would have been willing to die by torture if he could have slain Mr. Blodger ere he passed. But he only murmured feebly that he was glad to see Mr. Blodger, but he wasn't a Snake.

"When our Society of Sagacious and Splendid Snakes paraded the year before the war, every bar from Baltimore to Boston had crept on the door," said Mr. Blodger. "There ain't a barkeep in America that doesn't belong. Liquor and Liberty go hand in hand. Now the war is over I've come over here to establish a Den of Snakes. I'll put you in as King Snake. What say? Then, even if fell Prohibition obtains, you can give 'The Sign of the Poison Fang' in any drug store, East or West, and the chance is a hundred to one the antidote is handed to you, even if you haven't a bean!"

Mr. Jarr said he would think it over.

"The wife won't like it, eh?" asked Mr. Blodger, who noted Mrs. Jarr's disapproval.

"The wife, the squaw!" repeated the protagonist of the Secret Society of Sagacious and Splendid Snakes. "The wife is dead, against the Snakes—the wife is dead, against the Snakes—there's a Den in every town. And mind you," here his voice took a tone of indignant protest. "It's an order with a religious tendency. Why, in the ritual we get a lot of junk about the Snake in the Garden of Eden. Never mind the wife. Our order is so Biblical it is almost sacred."

Mr. Jarr could see one "wife" that stood ready to die to bruise the serpent's head, but before he could say anything Gertrude announced dinner was served.

"Let the squaws follow us," said Blodger, taking Mr. Jarr by the arm; "write on with me! Let them have their League of Nations, as long as we do not surrender our rights to hies and rattle and shout our slogan 'No Beer, No Work!'"

They sat down to the best-kept steak on which the King Snake gorged royally.

**The Passing of a Woman Writer**

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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**Work That Still Lives in the Minds of Her Friends**

**T**HE story is told of a good man who was ploughing in a field. Some passerby asked him: "If you were to die to-day, what would you do?" He answered: "I would keep on ploughing!"

During the week a woman writer, one of the best known, passed away. For a considerable period she was quite ill, but she kept on with her work as much as her condition would permit. She returned to her work after awhile, but was somewhat weaker. Therefore, when a few days ago she was stricken again, her faculty of resistance was at low ebb.

But she would not give up. Just prior to being rushed off to the hospital she called for one of her associates in connection with her work. Perhaps Nikola Greeley-Smith knew as well as anybody how weak she was; that her day of departure was near at hand; but she went on with her pen, even as the man with the plough.

There was nothing better to do. She was not afraid to die. She had met every day as it came, with her sense of humor as well as her sense of honor. She always looked at life through the large lens and saw the signs and trend of the times very clearly.

Every day the printed page presented to her a piece of work done and on its public mission. So she was prepared to go because her service had been performed each day with completeness and despatch, as though it were her last. Thus, she acted upon her latest assignment and set forth her final story with the same vigor and vision as she had the first. Therefore, she is not dead. Those who have read her have been imbued with some of her philosophy that will stand them in good stead. Writings have a way of entering our make-up, and almost unconsciously we interact on them without knowing just how they came to us.

So, after all, they are not mere words, but go on playing their part in our everyday lives.

Thus she has passed, but her work still lives.

Yet what about us who have been left? The editor in chief called attention to her great work. He pointed out paragraphs of inestimable value.

And I reflected more. I don't want any flowers when I am gone. If a friend has a gracious word, a rosebud or a common field flower to give me, I want it when I need it most. I want it while I am alive. I want the message of kindness while I am here, to be it ever so humble.

I want the clasp of a sympathetic hand, the voice that reassures. The valley of the shadow of death is as nothing compared to the seamy side of things sordid that come up daily and crave the sympathetic sign of solidarity—that one may go on to a braver battle for the things that endure.

If this were my last day on earth, I would hasten to give the chime of cheer or the little flower to those who need it now and are alive to appreciate it.

**FROM AN INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.**  
A machine has been invented to wash large quantities of eggs rapidly.

It costs Holland about \$3,000,000 annually to maintain its sea dykes.

An English inventor's cigarette holder is equipped with a porous disk to filter the smoke.

**Suppressing Father**

By Stuart Rivers

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**Or Making the Home Safe for the Family**

**I**T'S funny, but mother knew it was father as soon as she read about it, even though the paper didn't mention any names. It only said that two men were in the hospital, suffering from the effects of an explosion, but mother put the paper down and looked over at me.

"Go to the station and get two tickets up to Hilltown. I'll come down as soon as I can get dressed. No, you needn't say anything. It's your father all right, and I'll have to go up there and nurse him."

As things turned out it was just as good I didn't do as she told me and get the tickets. But I went to the station and sat on one of those benches that are made uncomfortable so people will get tired and feel better when they get on the trains.

Of course, mother began blaming me for not having everything ready, and just then she caught sight of father.

He looked like a returning war hero. The only part of him that wasn't covered by bandages was his nose, and that had a strip of adhesive tape across it.

Mother started to cry as soon as she saw him. That made father think he ought to feel real bad, and he did his best to live up to his appearance. For a fact he did seem sort of weak, and we took him into the waiting room, so he could sit down and recover.

"Well," says mother, drying her eyes at last, "I hope it happen, and are you going to be a cripple for life?"

"It's Uncle Henry's fault," says father, weary like, as though he'd explained it before. "He forgot to open up the outlet to the pump after he'd start it. It might have been worse. It might have been a lot worse."

"Yes," says mother. "It might have killed you."

"I wasn't speaking of me," says father. "I was thinking about the house. You see, we installed the water pump down in the cellar. That was just after I got up to the farm. I wanted to put it in the barn, but Uncle Henry thought it'd freeze out there."

"I'm waiting," mother prompted. Father had sort of lost the run of his story. I guess he was remembering things.

"Oh, yes," he goes on. "The pipe blew up for one thing and blew the pump into the wall of the house. It only knocked a little hole in it, but somehow it started the pillar by the cellar stairs. You remember that

pillar? I never thought that pillar was very strong, and a few bricks came out, only a few, but it seemed to start that whole side of the house to slipping, and if it hadn't been for the wash-tubs—I remember when you were up there last, you said you thought those wash-tubs were too small. I think so too. I can remember my mother saying—"

"For the land's sake!" says mother, short like. "Are you going to keep us here with the house falling on you, while you tell us what your mother thought about a wash-tub?"

What happened? Were you crushed under the house?"

"No," says father. "Neither was Uncle Henry, that is, not very much. The only part that I mind is that he blames the whole thing on me. I don't mind being scolded up, but after he forgot to open up the—"

"Well," mother interrupts. "I hate to say it, but if that pump was patented—but come on home, that is, if you've rested enough. Take his grip, Joe. I suppose the neighbors'll think you've been in a fight, but we can't help that."

I got father to his feet, and mother took his arm, and I picked up his grip, and a lady happened to get between father and me, and then things happened.